TV COMIC

THE DUKES OF HAZZARD-INSIDE! 12p

Number 1510
Every Friday.
28th November, 1980

THE INSPECTOR * POPEYE * PINK PANTHER

TOM and JERRY

Continued overleaf

HEH! HEH! WHEN IT COMES TO REMOVING RODENTS, I'M PRETTY *EF-FISH-IENT-TANKS* TO MY BRIGHT IDEAS

BUT...

FIRST, A PUFF OF OXYGEN FROM THIS PIPE... THEN TO LIE LOW UNTIL TOM'S GONE!

I'LL SOON BE *AIRING* MY VIEWS ON THAT CAT. I'M FAR FROM *FINISHED*, YET!

SO...

TALKING OF TOM, THAT CASED CATFISH UP THERE GIVES ME AN IDEA!

CATFISH

A LITTLE LATER...

GUESS I'LL *FISH* THAT RODENT OUT, AND GIVE HIM A DECENT BURIAL!

S'FUNNY I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND HIM...

TOM'S RIGHT! THERE'S SOMETHING VERY *FISHY* AFOOT.. SNIGGER!

HUUUH?

THIS FISH IS GOING TO TIP THE SCALES IN MY FAVOUR.

SMACK!

SPLOSH!

TOOOMM! I WARNED YOU..!

SPURGLE!

THAT SHOULD KEEP YOU OUT OF MORE MISCHIEF!

..SNIGGER! WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A PRIZE *CATCH*! TOM'S GOT HIS *OWN* TANK NOW! CHUCKLE!

CATFISH

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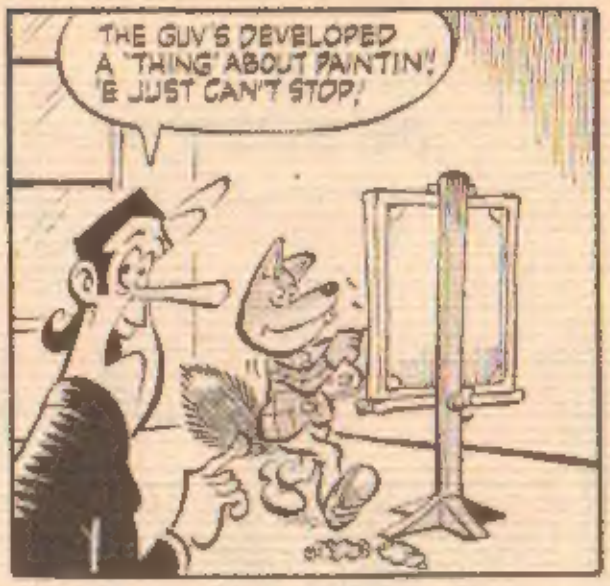
BASIL BRUSH


THE GUV'S DEVELOPED A 'THING' ABOUT PAINTIN'! 'E JUST CAN'T STOP!

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, CHUMMERS?
VERY NICE!

'ALLO! WHY'S THE GUV COOKIN' IN THE MIDDLE OF THE AFTERNOON?
SIZZLE!

GUV: WE ONLY 'AD LUNCH AN HOUR AGO!
I KNOW, BUT THAT FISH MADE ME FEEL HUNGRY SO I'M HAVING A FRY-UP BEFORE I START MY NEXT PAINTING!

WELL DON'T PAINT MORE FOOD OR ELSE YOU'LL BE PUTTIN' ON WEIGHT!

LATER...
GRRR! BAH!
GOSH! WHY'S THE GUV SO ANGRY?

NO WONDER! HE'S PAINTED A FOX HUNTIN' SCENE!

DON'T UPSET YOURSELF! TRY PAINTIN' SOMETHIN' DIFFERENT!
OKAY!

LET'S HOPE HE'S ALL RIGHT THIS TIME!

SOON...
GROO! I'M GIVING UP PAINTING CHUMMERS! I FEEL A BIT POORLY! I'LL HAVE A LIE-DOWN!

HA-HA! NO WONDER! HE'S SEASICK!

THE SECRET OF DIG'EM'S SUCCESS

HI! I'M DIG'EM. YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS BUT ONCE UPON A TIME, NOBODY KNEW ME!

NO WONDER!! DIG'EM NEVER GOT OUT OF BED.

COME ON DIG'EM JUMP UP!

NO!

HIS MUM USED TO GET HOPPING MAD.

I SHOUT AT HIM SO MUCH, I END UP CROAKING.

AND I GET A FROG IN MY THROAT

THEN ONE DAY HIS MUM HAD AN IDEA.

PERHAPS A FEW SMACKS WILL GET HIM OUT OF BED.....

READER THINKS....

EEEOW

WRONG!! KELLOGG'S SMACKS!! HONEY-COATED PUFFS OF WHEAT.

MMM. THESE SMACKS TASTE GREAT. I REALLY DIG'EM. DIG'EM.

HE HOPS OUT OF BED IN THE MORNING NOW.

I JUMP AT THE CHANCE OF A BOWLFUL!

AND HE'S REALLY GOOD AT LEAP-FROG TOO.

THE PINK PANTHER

I'LL SPEND A QUIET EVENING WATCHING TELLY.

BUT BEFORE I DO, I'D BETTER OPEN THIS ENVELOPE THAT WAS DELIVERED TODAY. IT'S THE ELECTRICITY BILL.

EH? IT'S FOR £324,762,981 06½!

HEH-HEH! WHAT A CLANGER! I ONLY USE ONE LIGHT-BULB AND THE TELLY! I'LL RING THEM IN THE MORNING!

NEXT MORNING...

£324,762,981 06½ EH? I SHOULDN'T WORRY, SIR. WE'LL OVERLOOK THE 6½ PENCE!

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE £324,762,981? I ONLY USE ONE LIGHT-BULB AND THE TELLY!

AH! BUT HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT WHAT IT TAKES TO GET THAT POWER TO YOU?

LET ME SHOW YOU SOMETHING!

TO WORK YOUR LIGHT-BULB AND TELLY WE HAD TO BUILD AN ATOMIC POWER STATION!

THE POWER IT GENERATES HAS TO BE CARRIED TO YOUR LIGHT-BULB AND TELLY!

SO I WOULD SAY FOR £324,762,981-06½ YOU HAVE A BARGAIN!

BUT THERE ARE A FEW MILLION OTHER PEOPLE USING THAT ELECTRICITY AS WELL AS ME!

BUT JUST THINK HOW DIFFICULT IT WOULD BE TO WORK OUT HOW MUCH EACH PERSON HAD TO PAY!

COULDN'T YOU JUST PAY THE BILL FOR £324,762,981 06½ AND HAVE A WHIP ROUND AFTERWARDS?

GET OUT AND DON'T COME BACK UNTIL YOU'VE WORKED IT ALL OUT CORRECTLY!

THAT EVENING...

I'M NOT TAKING ANY RISKS! IT'S A QUIET READ BY CANDLE-LIGHT TONIGHT!

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MIGHTY MOTH

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BELIEVE THIS, READERS, BUT I'VE CAUGHT MIGHTY MOTH! HE'S LOCKED IN THIS CHEST!

I'LL TIE THIS ROCK TO IT AND THROW IT INTO THE SEA!

SO...

I'LL ROW OUT A LONG WAY TO MAKE SURE THE WATER IS DEEP!

'BYE-'BYE, MOTH!

MEANWHILE, IN A SUBMARINE BELOW...

ALL QUIET UP TOP, SIR - JUST A ROWING BOAT MOVING AWAY.

BUMP!

SOMEONE'S TRYING TO SINK US! SURFACE!

LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF DEPTH CHARGE! HANDLE IT WITH CARE!

IT'S A MOTH!

AM I GLAD TO BE OUT OF THERE! THAT CHAP IN THE ROWING BOAT THREW ME OVERBOARD!

WHAT A DIRTY TRICK! AND HE MADE A DENT IN MY SUPER SUBMARINE. I'LL GET HIM FOR THAT!

SO...

TAKE AIM... FIRE!

HEM...EXCUSE ME, DAD! YOU'RE BEING FOLLOWED!

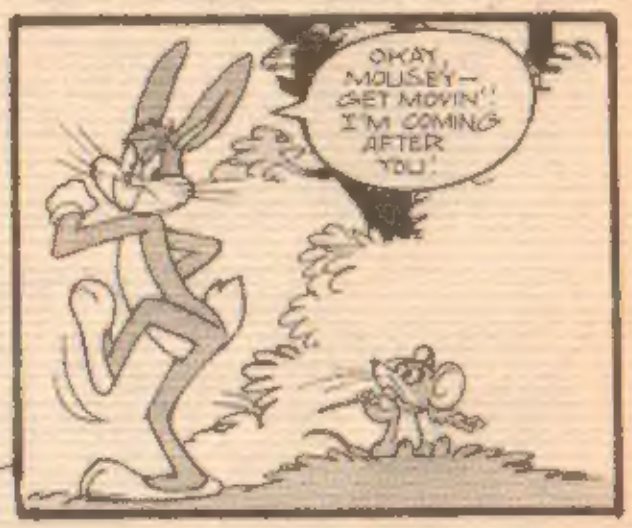
EH..? HOW..?

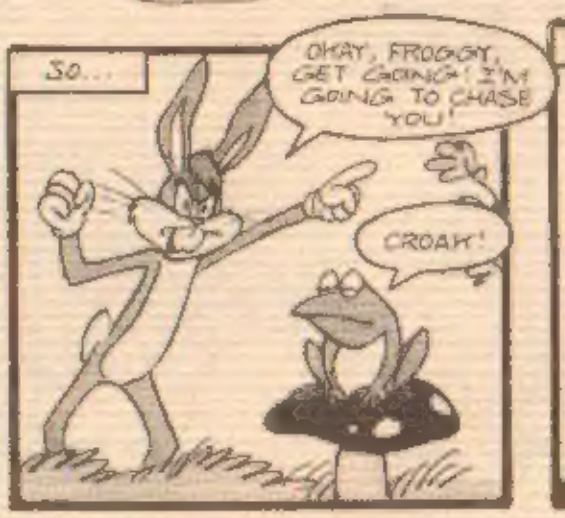
A TORPEDO!

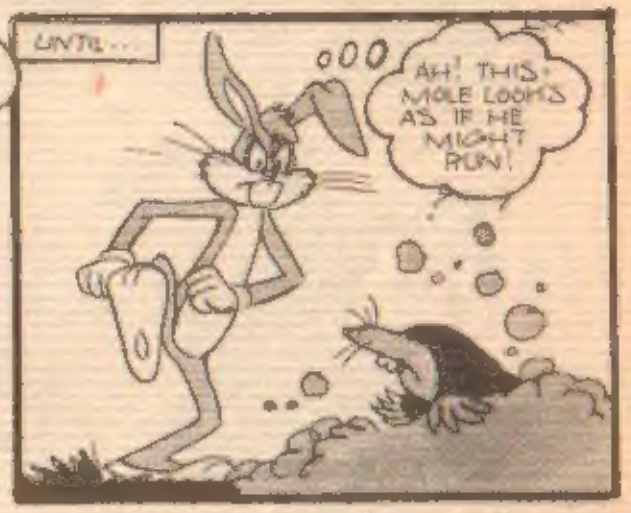
BANG!

I'LL LEAVE YOU TO SWIM ASHORE, DAD - YOU'LL BE HOME BY NEXT WEEK! HO! HO! HO!

The BUGS BUNNY show







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THE DUKES OF HAZZARD

BOSS HOGG HAS FORCED OLD PA TILLEY TO HAND OVER THE SECRET OF HIS RHEUMATISM-CURING LINAMENT. BUT WHEN HOGG STARTS SELLING THE LINAMENT...
THE LAST BOTTLE O' HOGG'S WONDER CURE SOLD. I'M ON MAH WAY TO MAKING A FORTUNE!
AND THEM DUKE BOYS AN' OLD PA STILL IN JAIL!

MEANWHILE, THE LINAMENT IS USED...

LOOKS LIKE BOSS HOGG IS GOING IN THE HORSE TROUGH.

THE PLAN WORKED, PA! YOUR 'HORSE LINAMENT' SURE IS STRONG!

HORSE TROUGH NO BATHING

DUCK HIM TILL HE FINDS AN ANTIDOTE!

YURRRRRRK!

PA' TILLEY MADE UP A SALVE...

THIS'LL SOOTHE 'EM! NOT THAT MY HORSE LINAMENT DOES MUCH HARM!

IT DO TO BOSS HOGG!

GET 'EM OUT, YOU GIREAT DUMB-BELL! QUICK!

OR I DON'T TELL OLD MARTHA HOW TO STOP THE LINAMENT HURTIN'!

WE'LL SELL THE SALVE AT A DOLLAR A BOX.

THEY CAN CHARGE IT TO BOSS HOGG! HE'S NOT OUR MOST POPULAR MAYOR!

CLAIM THE MONEY BACK FROM BOSS HOGG!

WE WILL!

AFTER HIS DUCKING...

BOSS, I BROUGHT A BOTTLE OF WONDER CURE FOR YOUR RHEUMATISM!

HOGG'S RUB

GIT OUT, DUM-DUM! YOU'VE NEVER THE SENSE YOU WAS BORN WITH, DARN IT!

ANOTHER DUKES STORY BEGINS NEXT WEEK.

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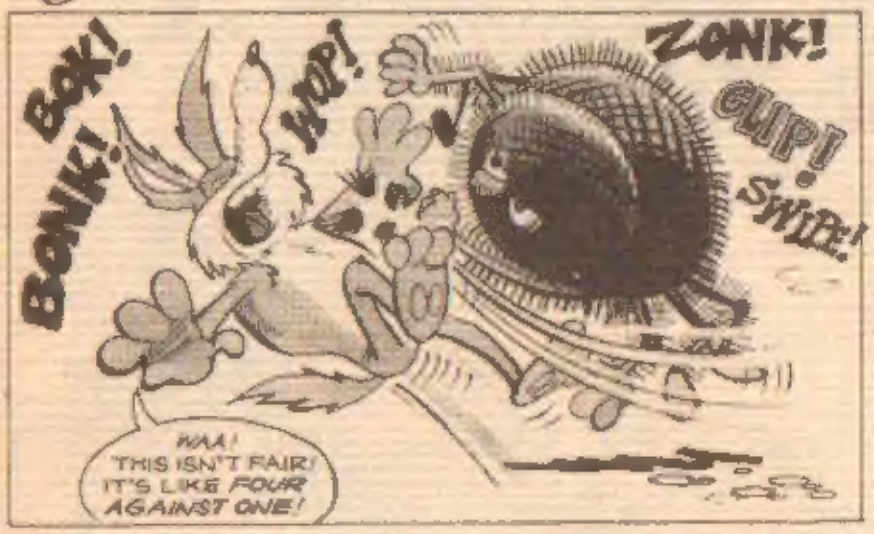
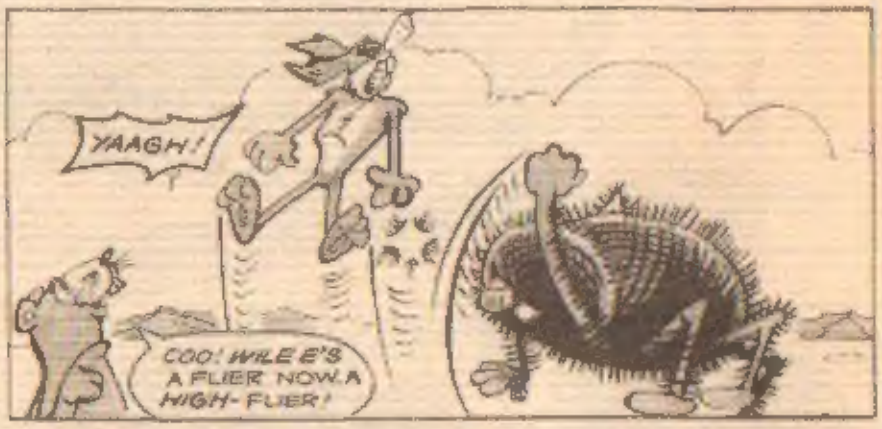
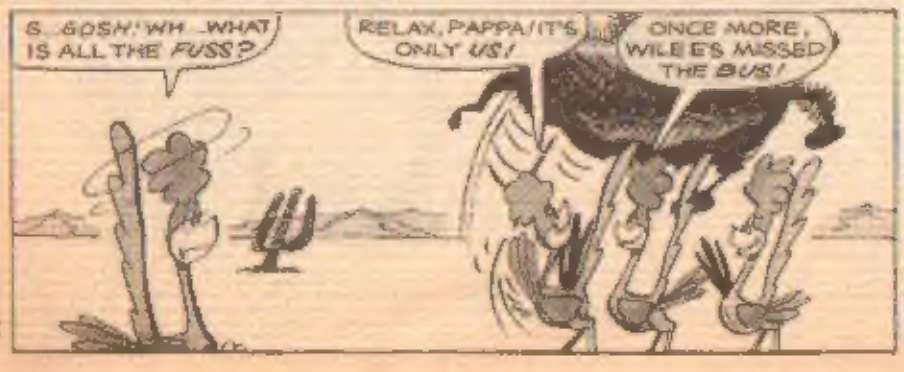
BEEP! BEEP! The Road Runner







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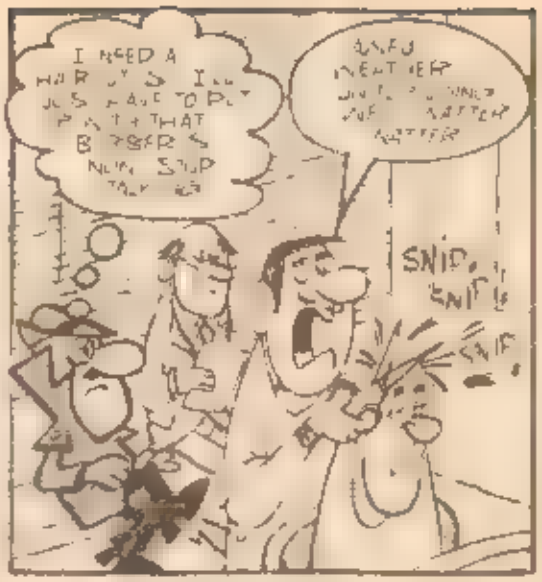
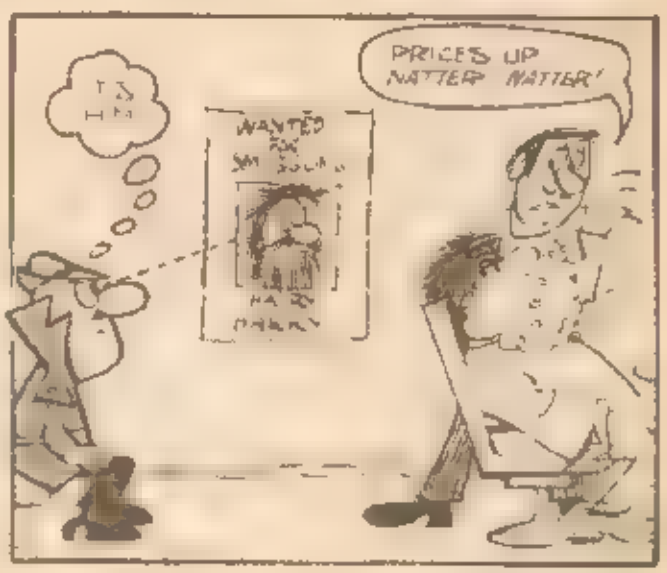
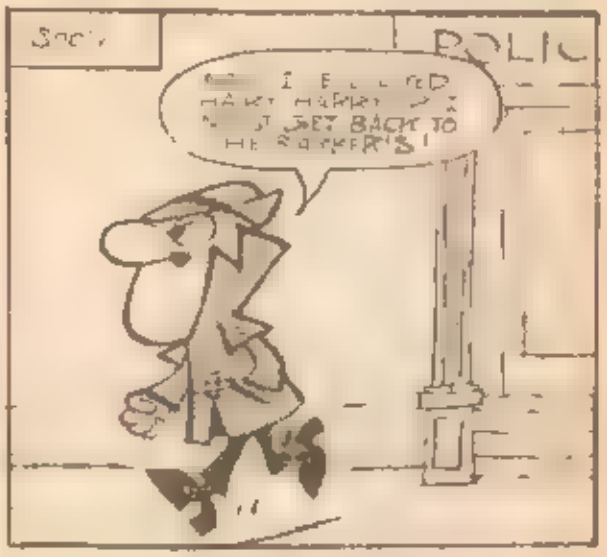
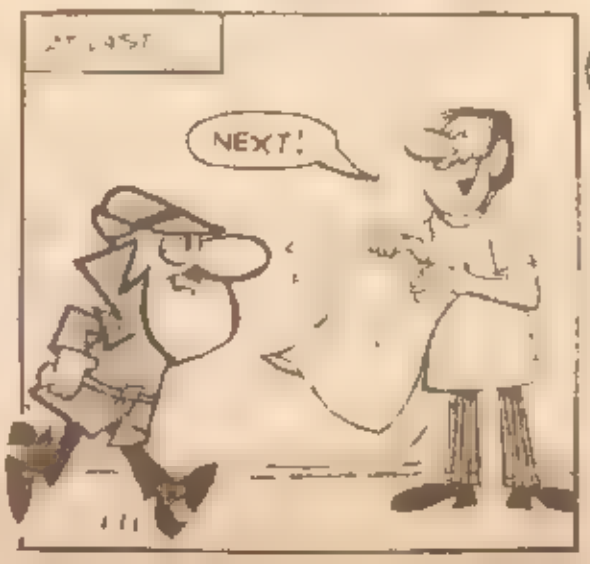
The Meter









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The Bisto Kid

WE'VE GOT PARTS IN A WESTERN FILM

WE'LL BE STARS!

OKAY KIDS – YOU'VE BEEN CAPTURED BY INDIANS RIGHT

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT GETTING REAL MEAN WHEN SOMEONE IN THE UNITED STATES CALLS MY LINE JUST THAT – ILL AND [illegible] YOU

LATER

MAKE UP STAFF

MAKE UP

BY PATIENT STANDS THESE BIG SCENES TAKE A LOT OF ORGANISING

ALRIGHT OKAY EVERYBODY READY TO GO

MACHERING SCENE THREE TAKE ONE

INDIANS START DANCING!

NOW SEND IN THE U.S. CAVALRY!

MMM YOU SMELL WHAT I SMELL

DE BISTO!

WHAT'S GOING ON CUT! CUT!

AIN'T THAT JUST LIKE ACTORS YOU GET EVERYTHING SET UP AND THEY TAKE A LUNCH BREAK

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BUZBY

BUZBY

I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU AGAIN! EVER! SO THERE! CLICK!

MY GIRLFRIEND, LINDA, IS A LITTLE UPSET - BUT I'LL SOON WIN HER ROUND!

BUZBY

SO, OUTSIDE LINDA'S HOUSE...

YOUR EYES ARE DIVINE, YOUR LIPS THEY ARE MINE...

GO AWAY!

CRASH!

SHE HASN'T QUITE GOT OVER OUR LITTLE ROW! I'LL TRY AGAIN TOMORROW!

MEVIN

SO, NEXT DAY...

YOU ARE MY HEART'S DELIGHT...

OH, HOW PERFECTLY CHARMING!

EH? WH... WHERE'S LINDA?

SHE MOVED THIS MORNING - TO THE TENTH FLOOR OF THE BLOCK OF FLATS!

GRR! I CAN'T GET TO HER DOOR! I'LL JUST HAVE TO SING LOUDER FROM THE GROUND!

LIFT OUT OF ORDER

I AM YO-OURS! NEVER LEAVE ME...

CRASH! DONK! BONK! EEEEEEEEEE....

ONE POTTED PLANT I CAN TAKE - BUT NOT TEN!

BUZBY

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£2 CASH PRIZE FOR THE BEST LETTER PUBLISHED!

Your LETTERS and LAUGHS PAGE

Dear Editor,
The other day I was getting ready to go out when I realised I had lost three things—my purse, my bag and my pen. At last I found them. But then I missed three buses. Finally, I got to the shops, though. On my way home, I was walking up the steps to my house when a cat ran in front of me. And guess what happened? I fell down *three* steps! I just couldn't believe it!
From H. Hunter, Brighton, Sussex.

They say things always happen in threes. But never mind. Your letter wins you our £2 cash prize. So your luck's changed for the better. Do any other readers have stories about strange coincidences?—Ed.

Stephen Murphy, Birtley, Co. Durham.

Dear Editor,
There was a cafe owner and a well-dressed customer, who sat staring glumly into his coffee. "Something the matter?" asked the cafe owner. "Yes," began the customer, "two months ago my grandfather died and left me £40,000." "That doesn't sound like anything to get upset about," said the cafe owner. The other man continued: "And last month an uncle I'd never even met passed away and left me £100,000."

"Then why are you so unhappy?" asked the owner. The customer replied: "Well, this month—so far—NOTHING!"
From Caroline Euman, Court Kelso, Roxburghshire, Scotland.

Nice one, Caroline. Quite a wealth *of laughs in your story, you might say.—Ed*

Christine Ventre, Prescot, Merseyside.

Dear Editor,
I like your comic very much,
Just one thing I'd like to say,
Why doesn't it come out 7 days a week,
Then we could have one every day!
Nicola Treglown, Exeter, Devon.

Dear Editor,
Guess what happened when I went to the Isle of Wight with my school? I was in Room 9 (the honeymoon room!). Outside, on the landing, was a fire-extinguisher. I tripped and fell against it. Suddenly, foamy stuff spurted out, and in no time at all the carpet was soaked! But it proved one thing—that the fire-extinguisher worked.
From Jacky Limbert, Sutton Coldfield.

I'll bet the proprietor was pleased there wasn't a real fire. But the mess must have made him very hot *under the collar! Anyway, I trust you didn't hurt yourself?—Ed.*

Dear Editor,
A man had a daughter and 10 sons. Each had a sister. How many girls were there?
Answer: One!
From Lorraine Tiplady, Erith, Kent.

H'mm! It makes you think, Lorraine. Any other puzzles, readers, please?—Ed.

Send your letters to:—
Letters & Laughs, TV Comic,
P.O. Box 91, London W2 1EP.

TV TERRORS

COUNT YOURSELF LUCKY - CAN'T AFFORD THOSE BOOTS, TERRORS... WHEN I GET £10 I'LL BUT THEM AND YOU'LL BE IN FOR A POWERFUL BOOTING!.

ANTIQUES

REAL KNIGHT'S ARMOUR BOOTS £10

HA! HA! HA!

WE'RE NOT WORRIED ABOUT HOPPIT... WHERE WOULD A RAT LIKE YOU GET £10?

GRR!

BAH! I'LL SHOW THOSE TERRORS

MINUTES LATER...

BOY, OH, BOY! I'LL GO AND ASK THE PRODUCER IF I CAN ENTER... THEN I'LL HAVE THE £10 I NEED FOR THOSE METAL BOOTS!

TV TALENT CONTEST £10 FOR EACH ENTRANT

SO, IN THE PRODUCER'S OFFICE...

I'D LIKE TO ENTER THE TALENT CONTEST, MR. PRODUCER!

WHAT CAN YOU DO, HOPPIT?..

YEAH! YEAH! SHAKE IT ABOUT AND KICK YOUR FEET! WAIL! SHRIEK!

EEEEEK! HE'S GREAT!

YOU CAN BE IN THE SHOW, HOPPIT... YOU'RE A TERRIFIC PERFORMER.

DROOL! WHAT A WILD KICKER!

THANKS, SIR!

SO AT THE SHOW...

OLD HOPPIT GETS £10 FOR BEING ON THIS SHOW... THAT MEANS HE'LL BUY THOSE METAL BOOTS AND WE'LL BE FOR IT!

WAIL! SHRIEK! KICK! AND SHAKE

EEEK!

CRAZY, MAN!

STOMP AROUND AND KICK YOUR FEET, YEAH BABY!

MY ACT'S GOING DOWN WELL!

OOOOCH! I'VE RICKED ME BACK!

HEY! WHAT'S UP WITH HOPPIT?

I'VE PUT ME BACK OUT DOING ALL THESE HIGH KICKS. OOOUCH!

HEE! HEE! HEE!

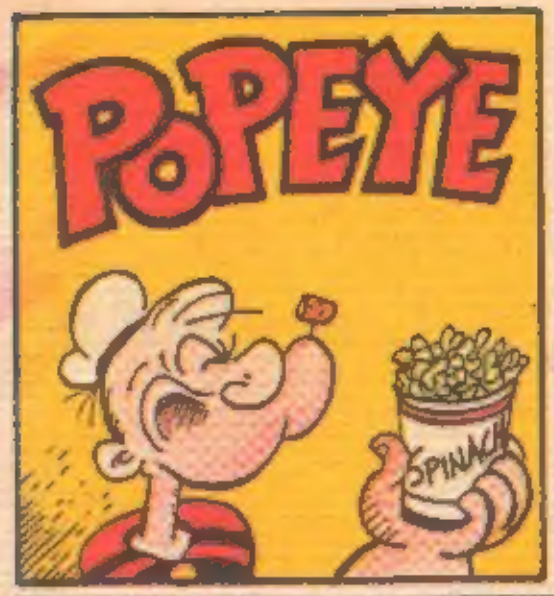
HAR! HAR! HAR!

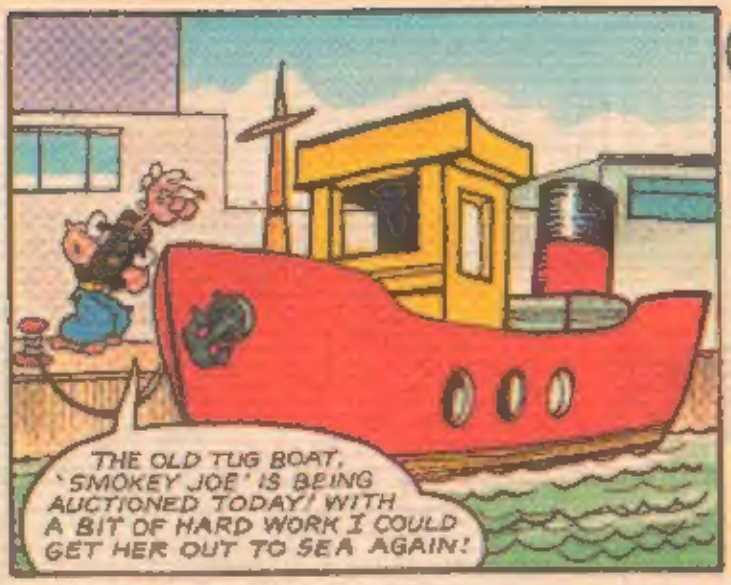
PITY YOU RICKED YOUR BACK, HOPPIT... NOW YOU CAN'T GET ANY KICKS OUT OF YOUR NEW BOOTS! HEE! HEE! HEE!

HAR! HAR! HAR!

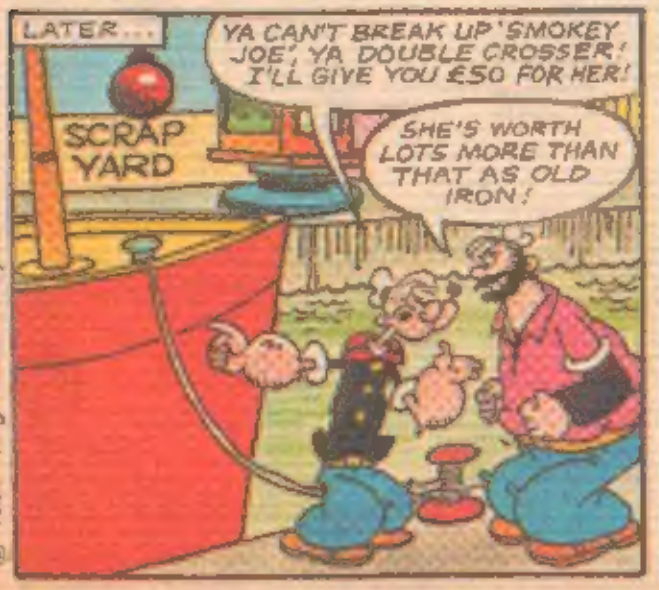
FURY

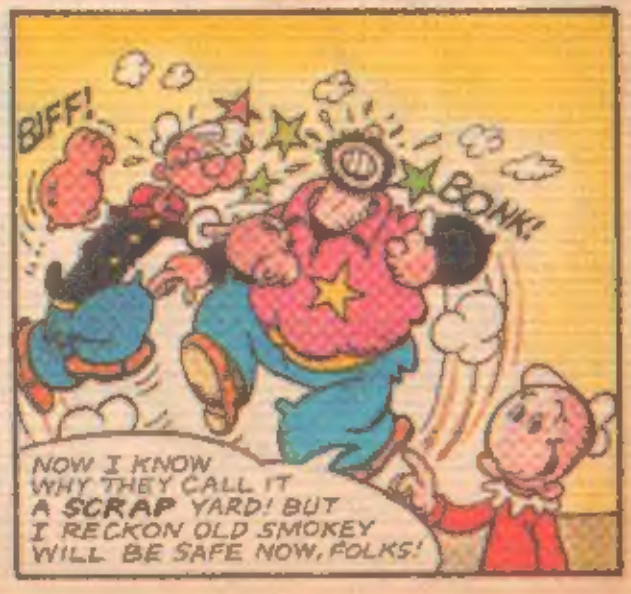
POPEYE





AT THE AUCTION ROOM...
BRUTUS IS THE ONLY OTHER ONE HERE! IF HE GETS HER HE'LL TAKE HER OFF TO THE SCRAPYARD AND SHE'S TOO GOOD FOR THAT!


LATER...
YA CAN'T BREAK UP 'SMOKEY JOE', YA DOUBLE CROSSER! I'LL GIVE YOU £50 FOR HER!
SCRAP YARD
SHE'S WORTH LOTS MORE THAN THAT AS OLD IRON!



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